

EXCHANGE SCINTILLATIONS

A gentleman who saw her in Paris says that she was not so thin that when she took a sugar coated pill her appearance became the subject of invidious gossip among her lady friends.—[Sunday Argus.]

"Horribly cold weather for business," said George to Maria the other night. "Yes," said Maria, who was looking over the marriage licenses in a morning paper; "for some time it is, yet I observe that there are a good many new partnerships being formed." George looked over her shoulder and saw what she was reading, and there will be another new firm ere the rose bloom.—[Sunday Argus.]

It is said Wilkie Collins, the novelist, spends as much money as he makes. Shake, Wilkie, shake; a fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind.—[Sunday Argus.]

An empty pocketbook never yet went far.—[Breckenridge News.]

Man proposes, God disposes, and a congressional committee exposes.—[Breckenridge News.]

The telegraph announces that Gen. Grant travels with his wife, Mr. Conkling, who has great respect for Gen. Grant, might find a pleasing hint for imitation in the great General's habits in some certain particulars.—[Glasgow Times.]

Probability as to our securing of the Liverpool Consulate, we can see, is rather gloomy, but long as the Congressional Record continues to gladden our friends with its daily visits no manner shall escape our lips.—[Glasgow Times.]

We are likely to have some sunlight in the next Legislature, Mr. G. B. Keller, of the Bourbon Sun, and Mr. A. C. Quisenberry of the Winchester Sun, being candidates in their respective counties.—[B. G. Gazette.]

When a fellow gets a letter out of the post-office for his wife, and carries it about with him in his pocket a couple of weeks before he thinks of it, which is the safest for her to do, and it is in her by a boy or the tie to the end of a cane handle and poke it in through a window at her.—[State Journal.]

It is a fact to the good judge of womanly beauty to dwell on a sweet, old face. We often stop in front of old ladies and imagine how they looked when they were girls.—[State Journal.]

A man came into the Argus office yesterday and said: "Christmas comes but once a year," and when he got that far the editorial staff went out to see a man, and when it came back the Editor was holding on tightest on some remains supposed to be those of a man who had been caught in the fly wheel of a two hundred horse power engine.—[Sunday Argus.]

It is said that a truly innocent person will never be an object of suspicion, but we defy an angel to carry a black vinegar bottle around a neighborhood in which is located a saloon, and not have public opinion divided on the subject.—[Paducah Enterprise.]

A Romance of Ugliness.

[Copy Read in Little Rock Gazette.]

A very homely woman passed a party of men standing on a street corner.

Look at that nose? will you, remarked one of the men, and he laughed heartily.

That woman is my wife, said one of the party.

I take it back, then, said the sportsman, I'm sorry that I laughed.

You laughed at her ugliness, and that is a direct thrust at my taste. There may be better looking women in Little Rock, but that does not remove any of the sting. I will be avenged. It runs in my family. A man once laughed at my mother when she had a blot on her nose, and my father caught him and sliced his ears till they looked like leather fringe on a Texas saddle. To further trace back the avenged spirit, an old revolutionary General, snatched at my grandfather and she threw him down, put off his boots and drove his heels so full of brass-head tacks that he never walked any more. I don't know whether to make you take poison or to cut your tongue in two within half an hour.

My friend, replied a sportsman, I am inexpressibly sorry, and I hope you will not injure me. I am not well and can't fight.

I don't ask you to fight. When a man starts out to kill a dog he doesn't invite the dog to bite him. I believe I'll just cut in two, and the man drew a long knife.

My friend, we must compromise this business. I am a married man, and if you'll come down to my house I'll bring my wife into the yard and let you laugh at her.

Is she ugly enough to serve as a stand-in to my wife? asked the avenger.

Reass her all hollow.

How's her nose?

Turned out like a gourd handle.

Humph-shoulders?

Yes, and neatly bald-headed.

Pigeon-toed?

Yes, and the worst knock-kneed human you ever saw.

Well, that'll sorter do. I'll accept your proposition. Come on, let's get through with this business, and shutting his knife, he accompanied the man who had laughed at his wife.

There are some intimations that a new style of living has been designated and is coming into use gradually. It is most expensively that no adequate description of the new method is given, but a kiss is impossible of description in the cold language of a newspaper. A kiss is something that must be tried to be appreciated, and there are now a great many people enjoying life regardless of the election returns who cannot be readily convinced that any new sort of a kiss can be invented which will be an improvement on the style that has so long prevailed.

There are people, unquestionably, who have brought the question to a higher state of development than is usual, but as a general thing the untrammelled kiss will get along the best.

The counter base voice is

we will take the advice of our

our friend and immediately "re-

more." The Democratic "re-

more."

HE WAS "TIRED OF WAITING."

HOW AND WHY A NEW-MADE BRIDE-GROOM DESERTED HIS BRIDE—A SHORT LESSON FOR IMPATIENT BENEDICTS OR OVERLY COY BEATRICES.

Less than three weeks ago the romantic trills of Lick Lick echoed the joy-bells that rung in the wedding of Pat Kelsey and Miranda Starbuckie (we use fictitious names for a reason that will readily suggest itself to the reader), and sent the glad tidings careering down the pleasant valley on the soft airs of the spring weather that visited us about that time. The bridegroom is a large well-proportioned youngster, industrious, sober, and on that auspicious occasion the happy young bridegroom, Lick Lick, was in the prime of his life. The bride is young, lovely, and all that heart of man could desire in person and disposition. Her only fault is modesty. Not that modesty is not an excellent thing in a woman, and very proper adornment of the female character. But, then, modesty in excess is like a superabundance of meanness, liable to strike in at inconvenient moments, and play the deuce with love's calculations as the latter knocks the wraps from under the physician's diagnosis.

And that was what was (and is) the matter with the fair Miranda.

One day last week Pat presented himself at the house of Mr. Bob Partridge (again we resort to a fictitious name), who is famous in that section as a stock-buyer, and proposed to sell him his horse, and to bride, at the same time making no bones of declaring his intention to cut stick and leave his new-made wife.

"Why," queried Bob, "what on earth is the matter, that you should do this thing?"

"Well," said the bridegroom, "the fact is she won't sleep with me."

"What?" cried the astonished Bob, who is a married man himself, and is intimately acquainted with many another married man, but had never heard or dreamed of such a thing before.

"She won't sleep with me!" repeated the wronged bridegroom most disconsolately.

"What reason does she give?" inquired the curious and puzzled Bob.

"She says 'any,' was the mournful reply, "but says, 'There's time enough yet.'"

"What time did you marry, in day-time or at night?"

"At night."

"Where did you sleep that night?"

"In the—frustrated—Lick Lick, I am, do I look like a trundle bed truss?"

He certainly did not.

"By yourself?"

"Yes, by myself."

"And that's the only reason she gives for not sleeping with you?"

"The only one," she keeps saying, "There's time enough yet," and, dang it! it's been ten days since we married, and I'm tired of waiting for the time enough yet to come around, and am going to leave the country. I want \$80 for the horse rigged out we be about."

Then they fell to dickering about the price of the horse, which finally passed into the ownership of Bob for \$80; and sure enough Pat came direct to Cloverport, boarded the first packet, and sailed off into the vast Unknown Land, leaving a puzzled people with runaway husbands, wives and lovers.

The above conversation occurred at Bob's house, and in the presence of Bob's wife, who sat by the fire, pretending to be busily engaged in reading every word in the last issue of the Breckenridge News. But Bob says he kept one eye on her ear next to him and Pat, and could see it "open and shut," drinking in every word, like a mussel on a warm bank of sand opening and shutting its shell with every breath of conversation it inhaled. Besides, he will stake his life that the paper was upside down. After Pat had departed, the little woman threw the paper on the floor, sprung to her feet, brought her teeth together with a sharp snap and cried out:

"Bob, I don't believe a word of that man's story! It ain't natural!"

"What ain't natural?" said Bob, in a soothing voice.

"Why—that—that," and here she was compelled to suspend articulation in order to blow vehemently.

"That she should refuse to sleep with you?" suggested Bob.

"Yes," stammered Mrs. Bob. "You know it ain't!"

"I don't know anything about it," said Bob; "nor I never tried."

Bob don't know it? This day what made the peculiar buzzing in his head as he was hurried out of the door by some unseen hand, but which he thinks must have belonged to a giant.

And now the reader can understand why we have disguised Bob in a fictitious name.—[Breckenridge News.]

President-elect Garfield.

Mentor Letter to New York Tribune.

"They've got ahead of me," said Gen. Garfield the other day, as I called his attention to a vast pile of newspapers on one of his office tables.

There is a sad waste of labor, time and postage on the part of thousands of editors who mail their journals to Gen. Garfield, and it is impossible for him to open one-half of the number.

It was formerly his custom to glance over all the newspapers which he received, and if articles had been marked by the senders he gave them special attention. One of his secretaries was employed much of his time in clipping articles that were worthy of preservation and putting them in carefully prepared and classified scrap-books, for future reference.

But now, thousands of newspapers come to him, including nearly all the dailies in the country, and an innumerable multitude of country weeklies. Hundreds of these contain marked articles, which the able editors have written with great care, and containing valuable suggestions in regard to Cabinet making, civil service reform, the Southern question, &c., all of which the President-elect is bound to read, and inwardly digest. His inability to open thousands of these marked papers causes a daily loss of suggestion, advice and admonition, the enormous waste of which can only be properly estimated by the writers thereof.

Mentor has two Post offices. The one at which Gen. Garfield receives his mail is West Mentor, and L. H. Luce, M. D. the village physician, is the Postmaster. Six mails arrive at Gen. Garfield's, and every one of them brings a large amount of newspaper for Gen. Garfield. The Post-office is half a mile distant from Gen. Garfield's residence, and he often goes there on horseback and carries home a sack of mail on the pommel of his saddle.

A popular paper is like a toper's nose—it will be read.

Paducah has a 9.80.30 crowd, what sort of a club, that is still the club.

An Exciting Adventure.

We were sailing down the Neckar on a raft. The sky became overcast, and the Captain came at looking uneasy. He cast his eye aloft, then shook his head, and said it was coming on to blow. My party wanted to land. I wanted to go on. The Captain said we ought to shorten sail, anyway out of common prudence. Consequently, the landward watch was ordered to lay in his pole. It grew quiet dark now, and the wind began to rise. It waited through the swaying branches of the trees, and swept our decks in fitful gusts. Things were taking on an ugly look. The Captain shouted to the steersman on the forward log, "How's the heading?"

The answer came faint and hoarse from far forward, "Nor-east-and-by-nor-east-by-east, half east, sir."

"Let her go off a point?"

"Aye, aye, sir!"

"What water have you got?"

"Shoal, sir. Two foot large on the starboard, two and a half seat on the larboard!"

"Let her go off another point!"

"Aye, aye, sir!"

"Forward, men, all of you! Lovely, now! Stand by, to crowd her round the weather corner!"

"Aye, aye, sir!"

Then followed a wild running, tramping and hoarse shouting; but the forms of the men were soon lost in the darkness, and the sounds were distorted and confused by the roaring of the wind through the shingles.

By this time the sea was running inches high, and threatening every moment to engulf the frail bark. Now came the mate hurrying aft, and said, close to the Captain's ear, in a low, agitated voice:

"Prepares for the worst, sir; we have sprung a leak!"

"Heavens! where?"

"Right aft the second row of logs."

"Nothing but a miracle can save us! Don't let the men know, or there will be a panic and mutiny! Lay her inshore, and stand by to jump with the stern line the moment she touches. Gentlemen, I must look to you to second my endeavors in this hour of peril. You have hats—go forward and bail for your lives!"

Down went another mighty blast of wind, clothed in spray and thick darkness. At such a moment as this came from away forward, and that most appalling of all cries, that are ever heard at sea, "Man overboard!"

The Captain shouted: "Hard a port! Never mind the man! Let him climb aboard or wash ashore!"

Another cry came down the wind, "Breakers ahead!"

"Where away?"

"Not a log's length off her fore-foot."

We had groped our slippery way forward, and were now bailing with the energy of despair, when we heard the mate's terrified cry from far aft:

"Stop that dashed bailing or we shall be aground."

But this was immediately followed by the glad shout:

"Land aboard the starboard transom!"

"Saved!" cried the Captain.

"Jump ashore, and take a turn at a tree and pass the big board!"

The next moment we were all on shore, weeping and embracing for joy, while the rain poured down in torrents. The Captain said he had been a mariner for forty years on the Neckar, and in that time had seen storms to make a man's cheek black and his pulse stop, but he had never seen a storm that even approached this one.—[Mark Twain.]

Thousands use it. Why Hesitate?

Joy to the World! Women are Free!—Among the many modern discoveries looking to the happiness and amelioration of the human race, none is entitled to higher consideration than the renowned, remedy—Dr. J. B. Allen's Female Regulator.

Woman's Best Friend. By its use, a woman is emancipated from numberless ills peculiar to her sex. Before its magic power all irregularities of the menstrual system, all cases of leucorrhoea, suppression of the menses, it removes uterine obstructions, cures constipation and strengthens the system. It braces the nerves and purifies the blood. It never fails, a thousands of women will testify to this valuable medicine's preparation and sold by Dr. J. B. Allen, At. Ga. Price \$1.50 per bottle. A small bottle by mail.

For sale by E. H. Hopper & S.

Cream of The Mail.

A Hungarian officer named Szekely, a distance of 20 miles, in 17 hours.

The fact that his name looked so familiar on a steam train robs the feat of half its credit, as it were.—[Norristown Herald.]

There is nothing like self police, confidence. Johnny says he doesn't like his arithmetic. The answers in the book are all wrong, every one of them. That boy will get along in life. He has the "gall" whatever that is, that commands success.—[Ex.]

When King Alfonso rises in the hour of midnight and groans about the top sheet for the piteous bottle, he is just as liable to know down a box of tacks, as any free-born—American.—[City Dir-ick.]

The worst cut up man of the hours according to the Cleveland Voice is that Western reporter who, in describing the appearance of the belle of the town at a recent party, introduced her as "she looked so fair, but, of course she, the types had to get it all feet!"

Ladylike qualities can not be concealed, no matter in what position she possesses them may be placed. A Leadville lawyer was cross examined by a woman on the witness stand, and becoming somewhat abashed, she exclaimed: "I'm a lady, by thunder, and don't you forget it!"

The following comes by way of the Chicago Times: Of a rainy morning a small boy who has been educated at school, opened the door and says to the astonished master: "Sir, ma, says I can't come to school to-day—it's raining too hard!"

Bald heads never die,

Dr. Allen's Female Regulator.

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Gave the Wrong Sign.

He was trying to push himself through the crowd the other day at a gre down on Galveston avenue, when he was halted by a policeman.

"I am a member of the interior press."

"How do I know you are a member of the press? Where are your credentials?"

"Credentials? Well, just smell my breath if you don't believe me, and be breathless in the face of the minion of law, who replied:

"You can't come that on me. You are only a candidate.—[Galveston News.]

Be on time; for prevention is better than cure. All Coughs and Colds and such affections of the throat and lungs as lead to consumption are cured by Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. Price 25 cents.

I can assure you that in no single instance has the Coughing ever proved a failure. We have tried the soothing medicines, and everything known to us, and "Old Women," and Teething is preeminently a success, and a blessing to mothers and children.

And that J. M. DeLacy, Hatchedchubbes, Ala.

A cross, peevish, fractious wife is quite as happy to herself and to her husband, but she is to be pitied, she is a nuisance from a multitude of points of view. She is mentally and physically, she needs some good working tonic female regulator, to relieve the monthly troubles, and for the purpose ENGLISH FEMALE BITTERS stands ahead of all others.

Hysterics, a melancholy symptom of serious monthly troubles, are cured by the use of ENGLISH FEMALE BITTERS. It cures either a green sickness of young girls, it gives an appetite, aids and assists digestion, adds firm to the blood, and revitalizes the whole nervous system.

A lady friend of mine, who had almost been driven mad, was entirely cured by the use of ENGLISH FEMALE BITTERS.

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